

Fritz Maisel Says

Gold Dust Twins Do a Little Act Again

Boston Sam Performs Just a Shade Better than California Sam.

GALLERY BOYS BEG IN VAIN FOR ACTION

Small Crowd Sees Bout and Exodus Begins Before Tenth Round Starts.

By W. O. M'GEEHAN.

The Gold Dust Twins, Sam Langford and Sam McVey, did their little act at Madison Square Garden last night. Langford had a slight shade.

It was the usual sterling performance, perfectly staged. McVey started off like a whirlwind in the first round, when he clipped Langford on the jaw. For a minute it looked as though Boston Sam might lose his temper, as he did with Harry Wills. He was indignant enough for a minute to bust McVey right on the chin and spill the colored heavyweight league. But better judgment prevailed.

In the fifth Boston Sam staggered California Sam with a left to the jaw. It looked like no more pork chops for the combination. But Langford was very careful with the next punches.

While the two tons of coke whaled each other hard enough to flatten forty Andre Andersons, the crowd began to get bored. An exodus started before the tenth round and at the close only a few sleepers remained in the gallery seats.

Most of those present were familiar with the act, as it has played New York many times before. Though the gallery boys begged for a "little less" order, neither of the Sams seemed to forget his cue.

Sam Langford entered the ring first, clad in a bright green kimono. Sam McVey appeared in a cream colored robe. A ton of assorted anthracite appeared in each corner.

Joe Humphries announced that both men had weighed in with their partners. Langford weighed 193½ and McVey 212½.

They greeted one another with the coldness of a couple of opera singers who had been on the road for years. In the first few acts McVey took the center of the stage. In the latter part Langford was in the limelight.

McVey was the only one to show visible signs of anguish. His lip was cut and one of his eyes was badly damaged.

In the semi-final the astonishingly agile Andre Anderson, at 215 pounds, met the ancient Boer, Bont, at 185. The Boer has never been the same man since Oom Paul Kruger died. Andre put the Boer down for the count in the fifth with a rain of rights and lefts. The Boer did a very languid McKay.

The first two rounds Andre floored the Boer five times, once by a catch as catch can wrestling trick. The aggressive Andre had all the agility of a young hippopotamus. The crowd seemed to be with the ancient Boer.

When Rolfe slipped one to Andre's jaw in the eighth the astounding Andre was very much astounded indeed. He looked to his corner for advice. Jimmy Johnston gave him several hearty punches.

Andre, before he reformed and came under the refining influence of Mr. Johnston, used to be a wrestler. He went back to his old trade last night and nearly tossed the Boer into the chandelier time and again.

All that the astonishing Andre needs to make a fighter is some semi-human intelligence, some stamina and a punch. Otherwise he is like Jack Willard. He has two hands and feet and some kind of a projection between his shoulders.

When the Boer flopped, the crowd yelled, "Don't he look nattered!" The Boer was not finished yet, standing up, since the fall of Johannes.

Referee Billy Roche stopped the preliminary in the second round, after Jack Reed had cut Joe Stanley's face to ribbons. Reed had Stanley in a bad way at the end of the first. The second had gone only a few seconds when the gallery interceded in behalf of Stanley, and Roche yielded, partly to save his official shirt from being soiled.

Evidently the frugal fight fans are beginning to save their case notes for the Willard-Moran fight. It was the smallest gathering at the Garden for some time. One pig could furnish all the pork chops the two Sams will buy for their end.

Announcement was made as to where the boys will show next week. Joe Humphries, the Caruso of Madison Square Garden, has been appointed official announcer of the Moran-Willard fight. Joe has agreed to appear in Soup and Fish uniform in honor of the occasion.

Newark athletic fans are booming things for the national championships which are to be held there this year. John F. O'Hara is chairman of the committee in charge.

Charley Kilpatrick, who was the first athlete to run the half-mile under 1:55, believes that the efforts of Melvin W. Sheppard while on the cinder path will never be equalled for consistency. Kilpatrick declared that in one year the Milrose A. A. coach romped home a winner in twenty competitive races with the watches registering better than 1:55. A railroad journey of almost 200 miles did not prevent Kilpatrick from attending the Hjerberg farewell breakfast.

Fordham Prep. Five Wins.

The Fordham Prep basketball team defeated the five fronts Mt. Pleasant Military Academy at Ossining yesterday by a score of 72 to 36. Frishe and Collins the Fordham Prep forwards, scored sixty-six points. Murray did the best work for the home team.

The snow chill in the air suggests men's overcoats in winter weights.

Revised prices suggest reason for buying now—both for now and next winter.

Where does the wear come?

That's where our "Shire" col-lars are pure linen; 25c. each.

ROGERS PIET COMPANY

Broadway at 13th St. "The Four Corners" at 41st St.

Broadway at Warren

Broadway at 34th St.

Broadway at 41st St.

Broadway at 45th St.

Broadway at 49th St.

Broadway at 53rd St.

Broadway at 57th St.

Broadway at 61st St.

Broadway at 65th St.

Broadway at 69th St.

Broadway at 73rd St.

Broadway at 77th St.

Broadway at 81st St.

Be It Ever So

Humble, Says Fritz

Among those who witnessed the Donovan-Wood-Carter-White golf pool contest yesterday was Fritz Maisel, of the Yanks.

When Fritz heard the terrible clamor attached to John Franklin Baker's purchase he decided to report immediately to find just what his status was.

Fritz had no cheers to give over the report that he was to be traded to the White Sox for Joe Jackson.

"The Yanks," he said, "are good enough for me."

When asked what position he expected to be used in this next season, Maisel replied substantially as follows:

"I expect to leave town to-night, but will meet you a week from Monday on the Yank special passing through Baltimore. Yet, I think we'll have quite a ball club this year."

BAT IS MIGHTIER THAN THE MIDIRON

Ball Players Win Big Golf Pool Exhibition.

In the realm of golf pool at least the bat is mightier than the midiron. Upon one of John Doyle's prize courses yesterday afternoon Bill Donovan and Joe Wood, two record-making nippers, cut golf-pooled Phil Carter and Gardner White, two eminent young golfers.

In an 18-hole medal play round Donovan and Wood outpointed Carter and White by the count of 70 to 78. This was followed by an 18-hole match play battle wherein the ball players beat the two golfers 4 up and 2 to play.

Donovan and Wood were too wise to the game for their golfing opponents. Smiling Bill is one of the earliest golf pool players that ever manipulated a cue, while Joe Wood is one of the star pool players of the country. Carter and White did exceptionally well when it is considered that White had only played one game before the big match.

In the match play contest the two golfers were swamped in the first nine holes, where Donovan and Wood had no less than eight 2s, enough to halt the march of a Vardon and a De Oro linked together.

Wood and Donovan announce that if Mr. Rickard is willing to hang up another purse of \$70,000, they will be quite willing to meet any other two in the world, De Oro and Shoemaker preferred.

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He Is Proud to Wear the Livery of Wild Bill Donovan

Kelly—Silently—It Can't Be Done

HE'S BEEN NURSING A GROUND EVER SINCE WE TALKED IM OUT OF THAT EASY ONE.

THE ONLY THING YOU EVER HEAR HIM SAY IS "WHOSE TURN TO BUY? WHEN IT ISN'T HIS TURN."

THIS IS KELLY WE'RE PLAYING EDDIE.

WHAT D'YA THINK WE'RE PLAYING CHESS?

YOU'RE THINKING OF A HIGH CLASS GOLF GAME.

THIS WOULD BE A FINE GAME WITHOUT A LOT OF GABBERING.

I KNOW A CERTAIN CAR-TOONIST THAT WOULD HAVE TO LOOK FOR A NEW JOB.

GOOD NIGHT! I'M GOING OVER TO JACK DOYLE'S—THEY'S A LOT OF OLD MAGPIES OVER THERE—YA CAN'T HEAR YOUR OWN CONVERSATION.

BY GOLLY DASSA FUNNY BUNCH.

NO NO—YOU KNOW IT AIN'T BECAUSE I WAS TALKED OUT OF A SHOT. BUT JUST FOR A CHANGE THE FIRST ONE THAT SAYS ANYTHING BUYS THE ROUND—YOU KNOW THERE'S ENTIRELY TOO MUCH CHATTER AROUND HERE.

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Grant Has a Hard Tussle With Bassford in Singles

Former Indoor Champion Is Twice Within One Point of Defeat.

ONLY FOUR LEFT IN STRUGGLE FOR TITLE

Dr. Rosenbaum and A. M. Lovibond Defeat W. M. Washburn and A. S. Dabney in Doubles.

By JAMES O'NEALE.

There was nothing at all funny in the match between Willie C. Grant and Abraham Bassford, Jr., in the national indoor tennis championship, at the 7th Regiment Armory, yesterday afternoon. Grant, out to win his sixth title, played with deadly seriousness, and Bassford, out to win his first, with even more earnestness. Several questionable decisions and other untoward happenings put more of a strain than ever on the players, and when Grant had won, 6-1, 6-2, after twice having been within a point of defeat, it was noticed that the two players did not shake hands.

Nevertheless, when the two left the dressing room it was "Wylie" and "Bass" who spoke to each other. "Let's go get a ginger ale," invited Wylie.

"Surest thing you know, Wylie," replied Bassford. "That is the effect of the game. The two old friends were mortal enemies on the court. When the dust of battle had settled again to the armory floor the ease was settled out of court, an amicable readjustment taking place, at least a sort of an armistice, off again, on again, Finigan arrangement.

Going, going, gone are most of the players. In the singles only Grant, R. Lindley Murray, Alrick H. Man, Jr., and Watson M. Washburn are left. There are only five pairs remaining in the doubles and six players in the consolation singles. Missing from the doubles teams are Washburn and Alrick S. Dabney, respectively Eastern doubles champion with R. Norris Williams and former holder of the same title with Nathaniel W. Niles. The two fell in straight sets yesterday before the steady playing of Dr. William Rosenbaum and Arthur M. Lovibond.

The scores were 6-4, 6-2. Man put out George King, the hockey, acrobatic, sprinting and vaudeville star, to the tune of 6-2, 6-3. Thus the former Yale expert is bracketed with Grant to fight it out in the semi-finals of the tournament. They will play tomorrow to determine which one will meet the winner of the Murray-Washburn match, also to-morrow. The Grant-Man match will be run off today, except for the fact that Grant and his partner, G. Carleton Shater, are scheduled to oppose Rosenbaum and Lovibond this afternoon in the only contest of the day. The doubles final is set for Tuesday and the singles for either Monday or Tuesday.

Bassford, who was expected to make a strong fight against Grant, had his chance in the second set and it was away as Grant, who had not been going so well under the fire and steadiness of the Hartshole player's attack, pulled himself together. Bassford led at 3-9 in the second round.

James Sullivan, unattached, recorded the first knockout when he disposed of the first round of the 150-pound class. Foot men applauding heavily. Hamilton and Januzzi furnished a thrilling battle that had the winged foot men applauding heavily. Hamilton forced matters in the first and second rounds, his clever footwork and jabbing earning him a slight margin. However, the rugged Januzzi kept his opponent on the jump in the third round with hard punches, and at the end the judges disagreed. An extra round was ordered, and by assuming the aggressive from the start Hamilton received the decision.

The summary follows: THREE ROUNDS UNLESS OTHERWISE STATED. 108-pound class—R. Lindley Murray, 1st round, 6-2, 6-3. 120-pound class—Alrick S. Dabney, 1st round, 6-2, 6-3. 135-pound class—George King, 1st round, 6-2, 6-3. 150-pound class—James Sullivan, 1st round, 6-2, 6-3. 175-pound class—Arthur M. Lovibond, 1st round, 6-2, 6-3. 210-pound class—William C. Grant, 1st round, 6-1, 6-2. 240-pound class—Abraham Bassford, Jr., 1st round, 6-1, 6-2. 270-pound class—Watson M. Washburn, 1st round, 6-1, 6-2. 300-pound class—R. Norris Williams, 1st round, 6-1, 6-2. 330-pound class—G. Carleton Shater, 1st round, 6-1, 6-2. 360-pound class—Dr. William Rosenbaum, 1st round, 6-1, 6-2. 390-pound class—Nathaniel W. Niles, 1st round, 6-1, 6-2. 420-pound class—John F. O'Hara, 1st round, 6-1, 6-2. 450-pound class—Melvin W. Sheppard, 1st round, 6-1, 6-2. 480-pound class—Charley Kilpatrick, 1st round, 6-1, 6-2. 510-pound class—Joe Humphries, 1st round, 6-1,